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Leading the Blind.

(George Hawker, in the 'Christian Pictorial.')

Not very long ago I was sitting near the front at a devotional meeting. A young man just behind me, whom I did not know, led us to the throne of grace. In the course of his prayer, which was very simple and beautiful, he specially asked that those who were baffled and bewildered, who knew not which way to take might be guided by the Spirit of God; and then he went on to pray that if some of us lacked something which it was good to possess, and were different from other people, the lack might be made up by the presence and the sweet fellowship of Jesus.

I wondered in my own mind what it could be to which he was referring, and while we were singing the next hymn I stole a look at his face. Then I understood it all. His eyes were wide open, but there was no light in them: they wandered about unseeing: he was blind. I was very sorry that he was blind, but very glad that he believed in Jesus, and quite sure that his prayer for guidance and comfort would be answered.

Since then I have often thought of him and his prayer, and it has seemed to me that sometimes, Jesus, who was so good to the blind when he was upon the earth, answers such prayers through us. The blind man prays that his want may be made up, and then somebody with a kind heart, in which God has implanted sympathy, takes him by the hand and leads him gently, not thinking perhaps that this little act is done for the Lord. It is quite certain, however, that the Lord will use the hands of little children who are willing to lend them for his service; and one occasional, but very beautiful act of service which a child can render, is to lead the blind. Like the giving of the cup of cold water, of which Jesus speaks, it is done, not only for him, but unto him, and can in no wise miss its reward.

And the reward of leading the blind, is that we are led by such kindness ourselves into the ways, and into the spirit of Jesus. I once heard a member of Parliament telling of how certain blind children were sent to school with other children who could see. When it was first arranged, the teachers were afraid that if the blind children mixed with others in the playground, they would be knocked down and injured by the rushing about of careless boys and girls. But the event was very different. Everybody was gentle and careful toward the blind; and some of the wildest and roughest seemed to be most tender and eager in showing them kindness, and guarding them from harm. The teachers were delighted, and confessed that the presence of the blind children had raised the tone and spirit of the school. The boys and girls who could see led the blind; and part of their reward was that they themselves were led into a gentler, higher kind of life.

There is another kind of blindness—blindness of soul. St. Paul speaks of the god of this world blinding the eyes of them that believe not. That is the worst kind of blindness. One may be able to see with both eyes all the sweet wonders of the outer world—the rising of the sun; the new green leaves appearing on trees that seemed all stark and dead; the daisies that spangle the meadows, and the stars that shine like flowers in the broad fields of the sky; one may see all these things, and yet be blind toward God, and never see 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.' That is, indeed, the worst kind of blindness. Those who are blind after this manner have most need of guidance. Let us pray that our eyes may be open to the beauty and the grace of Jesus; and that so we may be able to lead others to his feet. Perhaps we may find ourselves some day leading by the hand a blind man whose heart is full of light, who will be able to repay our lesser kindness by leading us into deeper knowledge of the truth of God.

To Every Man His Work.

(Leander S. Keyser, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Good-night, Mr. Albers. It is surely time for me to go; it's growing quite late.'

'Oh! don't be in a hurry, parson. You haven't anything to do; you can sleep as long as you want to in the morning.'

'You're mistaken, Mr. Albers. I have a great deal to do to-morrow; and must try to get enough sleep to-night, so as to be in good condition for my work.'

'What in the world have you got to do, Brother Stanton?'

'Well, besides my pastoral work, I have

my sermons and several special addresses to prepare.'

'Oh! is that all? That's nothing. There's no hard work about that. If I could have such an easy time, I'd never speak about being busy or working hard. Well, good-night, if you think you must go.'

The minister went his way, smiling a little grimly to himself at Mr. Albers' idea that he had little or nothing to do.

'I think I'll have to teach him a lesson,' the pastor said to himself, as he stepped briskly along.

An opportunity came a few weeks later, and it came about in this way. One day there was a large meeting in one of the parks of the city, and arrangements had been made for an address by a local orator. However, at the last moment the speaker sent word to the managers that he had suddenly been taken ill, and would not be able to be present at the meeting, much less deliver an address. The managers of the assembly were sorely embarrassed, for a large audience had gathered to hear a speech by one of their favorite oratórs.

In looking over the audience the chairman caught sight of Rev. Mr. Stanton's expressive face, and made a bee-line for the place where the clergyman was sitting.

'Mr. Stanton, you must make us a speech,' the chairman whispered, explaining that the speaker of the day was ill.

'I have no address prepared on the subject announced,' Mr. Stanton replied.

'Then give us a speech on some subject of your own choosing—something you have thought out for another occasion,' the chairman persisted. 'The fact is, we must have a speech. It will never do to disappoint the people, and I see no one who will save the occasion, if you don't come to our relief.'

Mr. Stanton looked around over the audience for a few moments; then a smile flitted over his genial face, and he said, his eyes twinkling with fun:

'I'll consent on one condition. I see Mr. Albers, the merchant, a member of my congregation, over there. He thinks it very easy to make a speech. His idea is that all one needs to do is to open one's mouth, and the speech will make itself. Now, Mr. Hudson, you go to the platform and call on Mr. Albers for a speech. If you will do that, and he refuses, I'll come up and help you out of your predicament to the best of my ability. Do this just to oblige me, Mr. Hudson.'

'I didn't know Mr. Albers was a public speaker,' objected the chairman, dubiously. 'I'm afraid he won't fill the bill, even if he does speak. He's had no training in that line.'

'That makes no difference, Mr. Hudson. Of course, he won't speak. It is simply a little joke of my own, and no harm will be done. It's the only condition on which I will consent to speak to-day.'

'Very well. I'll do as you request.'

The chairman made his way to the platform, and, calling the meeting to order, expressed sincere regret that the speaker selected for the day was not able to be present.

'However,' he continued, 'we need not be without speaking. I see before me a gentleman who will, no doubt, come bravely to our rescue and save the day by an extemporaneous effort. I call on Mr. R. H. Albers, one of the well-known merchants of our town.'

When Mr. Albers heard his name called so unexpectedly, he almost started from his chair, his face first becoming pale, then red. The audience waited in breathless surprise, and many eyes were turned toward the flushed and disconcerted merchant. At length he rose on trembling limbs, his knees almost refusing to support his weight, his chin quivering and his breath coming short. He opened his mouth, but only gasped, for the words stuck in his throat, which was as dry as a cinder. Finally he made a supreme effort, and managed to say, with many halts and hitches and repetitions:

'Mr. Chairman, I can't see why you've called on me. I'm no speechmaker. Never made a public speech in my life. It ain't—or, rather, isn't—my business. Over there's Rev. Mr. Stanton, who's ready to make a speech at any time. It's his profession. I call on Mr. Stanton.'

In this way Mr. Albers shifted the burden upon the shoulders of his pastor, and the audience loudly applauded his finesse, while numerous calls for Mr. Stanton were heard all over the room. The minister went forward, and delivered an address that 'saved the day,' as everybody put it, and as was indicated by the frequent bursts of applause that greeted a well-rounded period or a pithy remark. Mr. Albers watched the speaker admiringly, as he warmed to his subject, and the thought kept flitting through the listener's mind:

'Every man for his work.. How easy it seems for Mr. Stanton to speak! It's just rolling off a log for him. He opens his mouth, and the rest does itself. It's a gift that I almost envy.'

The meeting over, Mr. Albers and his pastor soon came face to face, when the latter broke out:

'A good speech, Mr. Stanton—elegant! One of the best I ever heard you deliver. I congratulate you. I don't see how you can make an extemporaneous address like that. I never could do it.'

'Extemporaneous!' exclaimed the pastor. 'Do you think I delivered that address on the spur of the moment? No, indeed! I've been working on that address for weeks and weeks, thinking it over by day and by night. It is the result of the most intense study. I have delivered it several times in other places, and it simply happened to fit into the emergency to-day, with a few changes appropriate for the occasion. That address is the result of a whole lifetime of hard study. It didn't come of its own accord.'

'Is that so? Well, I thought it was impromptu.'

'No address, if it amounts to anything, is impromptu, even though it may sound so. It is the sum and crown of all a man's thinking, reading and study, and of much private practice in the art of expression. It's hard work, constant and untiring. Mr. Albers, why didn't you make a speech when the chairman called on you?'

'Well—I—I—am no speechmaker. I know a good deal more about selling dry goods. I wonder why in the world Hudson called on me, anyway!'

'I put him up to it,' said Mr. Stanton, laughing heartily at the joke.

'You! What for?'

'Why, you once told me—don't you remember?—that it took no work to prepare sermons and addresses, and I thought I'd give you a chance to prove your theory.'

The merchant's eyes opened wide in astonishment. As soon as he could recover his breath, he replied frankly:

'Ah! I see, I see. You've got the best of me this time, parson. I admit my mistake.'

Mrs. Chalmers's Remarkable Premonition.

We quote the following from "The Life of James Chalmers.' (By Rev. R. Lovett, M.A., R.T.S.): 'Mrs. Chalmers was for long greatly distressed about the Society's difficulties, and prayed that relief might come, and that all the work might be carried on increasingly. The week before her death I was out in the kitchen one afternoon, and on coming into the bedroom I found her sitting up and in visible distress. On my inquiring what was the matter, she said, 'Oh, James, dear, I am in great trouble, and don't know what to do. A great—a very great—sum of money has been left, and I am ill and weak, and cannot see to it. It has been left for the work, and for me to arrange.' We had often spoken of a vessel suitable for the Fly River, and I said, 'We shall get our vessel now, dear.' She replied, 'That is nothing, merely nothing; the money left is thousands and thousands and thousands, and whatever am I to do?' I said, 'You have only been dreaming, dear; so be quiet.' 'No,' she replied, 'I am not dreaming, but wide awake, and it is all right; what am I to do?' 'Well, dear, if the Master has given you all that money to arrange for him, you may be sure that he will give you health and strength and grace and wisdom to arrange it.' 'Of course he will,' she replied; 'how very stupid I am not to remember it! I am so tired. Lay me down, dear.' And I laid her head on the pillow, and she went off to sleep. The following evening she told Mr. Tomkins all about it, and asked us to pray that she might be rightly guided. Months after her death we found that Arthington, of Leeds, had died about that time, and had left the London Missionary Society a quarter of a million, and that a Scotch minister had left it £20,000. What a revelation had my beloved!

Postal Crusade.

We have to acknowledge $3.70 from Mr. H. Smith, Bower Island, B.C., for supply of 'Northern Messenger' to Delhi, India.

Calicut, January, 1903.

Dear Sir,—Through the kindness of Mrs. Edwin Cole we now receive your esteemed publication, as well as other wholesome periodical literature for our institute, which is conducted mainly for the moral improvement of Eurasian youths. The bulk of the papers we receive are greatly liked, especially the 'Messenger,' the 'World Wide' and 'Onward.'

Truly the Crusade deserves to be belauded and helped, for it is a great means of promoting the cause of true Christian culture. I write this letter because I think that the Crusade deserves every encouragement. Believe me, dear Sir, yours truly,

R. ROLLO PLATEL,
Secretary Calicut Democratic Institute,
Calicut, South India.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Tara.

(Sarah E. Norris, in 'Harper's Bazaar.')

Tara's early home was in a little village near the great city of Hyderabad, in the Nizam's Dominions. Her people were Telugus of the cultivator caste, and her earliest recollection was of the tinkling bells on the necks of the flocks. She used to lie awake at night listening to their music, and wondering whether they too came from the distant stars like herself; for her mother had told the little girl that she had come to them from the brightest star that was visible through the chinks of the cottage wall.

Her brothers were named for the things of the earth to which they belonged, but she, as the youngest and dearest, was named for the shining place from whence she came—Tara, a star.

The bright-eyed, gentle Tara often pondered these things in her mind as the days went by, and seed-time and harvest followed each other. She dimly remembered a great ceremony in which she had had a part, but who the other actors were, and what it all meant, she did not know.

When she was seven years old she questioned the Bai, her mother, one day, about the ring which pierced her little nose. 'Why did she wear a ring, while Soondra, a neighbor's child of her own age, wore none? Was it because she came from the stars?'

Then the Bai explained that it was the sign of marriage. The ceremony which she dimly remembered was the wedding.

She was married to Lalu, who was now far away in his own home. 'Did she not remember standing on one side of a red screen, while Lalu stood on the other side, and the family friends threw rice over them? And when the screen was removed, and they stood face to face, the priest of the temple tied their clothing together, and they fed each other with sugar, and were declared married.'

'Ah!' said the Bai, 'the marriage procession was the grandest ever known in our village. Lalu rode a white horse, which was entirely covered with gold and silver spangles and bells, while Lalu himself was almost hidden by garlands of flowers.

'Then the long line of carts and palanquins, filled with children; and behind them the women laden with flowers, and the men bearing torches; while the musicians followed, beating their tomtoms, and singing the marriage chant.

'Did Tara remember none of this? Well, it had taken place when she was three years old, and they had then given her the nose-ring—the sign of a wife—and Lalu had gone back to his own village in Baroda, three hundred miles away, to await the time when his little bride should be old enough to come to him.'

Then the Bai charged the child that she should go every day to the temple and make offerings of flowers and fruit to Moroba, and pour melted butter over him, and beseech him not to allow her to become that vile thing, a widow. If the husband, whom she did not remember having seen, should die, she would be counted as the guilty cause of his death, and would be treated as such.

The little wife followed her mother's injunction religiously. She searched the fields for the fairest and choicest flowers, and carefully tended and watered her tulsi bush, so that the god should have its most fragrant blossoms; and she poured melted butter over his grinning face until it trickled down and lay in little pools upon the stone floor of the temple; and this was her petition: 'Shri Moroba, be pleased to have compassion upon poor little Tara, and do not let her become a widow. Spare the life of her far-off Lalu, and permit him to become the father of many sons!'

She learned to grind the grain and bake the chapatties, so that she might please the Sassu, her mother-in-law, when she should be taken to her house in far-away Baroda.

How Tara shuddered when she thought of the Sassu, and of the time, not far distant now, when she must leave the gentle Bai, her mother, and become the slave of the mother-in-law, in whose presence she might not speak without permission!

At the village well, whither she went morning and evening with her water-jar deftly poised on her head, she questioned the other girls of her own age as to the time when they were to go to their Sassus' houses, and whether they were not looking forward to the time with fear and trembling.

And so the time went by. She sang her little song as she turned the millstone to grind the grain, and rolled the spicy curry which always garnished the rice at their evening meal. The flocks were herded at night, and their bells still made music to Tara's ears in the low-roofed cottage where she slept. The seasons came and went until Tara was eleven years old, when Ramji, her father, announced that the little wife must now be taken to her husband's house.

Limbaji, her eldest brother, was to go with her, and on a fine morning, just at the close of the long rains, they started on their journey across the country, carrying Tara's silken bridal robes and ornaments, and the little dowry of money which had been saved for her

Just as they left the cottage door, the braying of a donkey was heard from a field away at their right. This was a good omen, and gave them a hope that they might proceed on their journey in safety. If the braying had been heard on their left, they must have returned to the house and awaited a more auspicious day.

As they descended the winding path leading to the public road they watched carefully lest perchance a lizard should cross their track, and they still be obliged to turn back. But no lizard appearing, they went cheerily on their way, which lay through the heart of the great city.

The streets were full of fierce-looking bearded men armed to the teeth, and little Tara clung closely to her brother as they slowly wended their way through the crowd.

They passed numberless mosques, where the followers of the Prophet could be seen prostrating themselves on their prayer-rugs, with their faces devoutly turned toward Mecca, while from the many pointed minarets the muezzin's call, 'Allah illa Allah!' rose above the uproar of the streets.

Gilt-bespangled elephants tramped majestically along, their howdahs filled with high-born ladies of the realm, whose laughing voices reached the ears of the two strangers as they forced their way through the moving throng, and anon the sparkle of diamonds flashed out, as the silken curtains of the howdahs were displaced by the swaying motion of the elephants' tread.

Passing outside the city gates, the travellers quickened their pace, and were soon in the open country, where there was nothing to obstruct their progress.

At nightfall on the tenth day of their journey they entered a little village in Kattiawar, where lived Jairam, a friend of Limbaji's. They halted at the door of this friend's house, and asked if they might enter and rest their wearied limbs.

Jairam and his wife greeted them with true Eastern hospitality, begging them to shake off the dust of travel, and eat of their salt. They said: 'The house and all that we have is yours. Come in and partake of your own, while we bring water for your feet; and tarry with us, we pray you, until you are quite rested from your long journey.'

So the brother and sister consented to stay a week with these good friends, when they would start again on their journey toward Baroda.

Three or four days after this a messenger came in great haste from Hyderabad, saying that Ramji had died suddenly, and Limbaji must return at once to perform the funeral ceremonies.

Then arose the question, 'What should be done with Tara meanwhile?' Limbaji could not take her back, as he must make all possible speed. He would be obliged to feed the crows for a certain number of days, until he could be sure whether his father's spirit had entered a crow; and he must make several feasts for the Brahmins, and distribute alms among the poor of the village. All this would require so much time, it would be fully three weeks before he could continue the journey with Tara.

Finally it was decided that he leave Tara with his friends, and return as soon as the customs of his caste would permit.

So he sped away on the messenger's swift horse, quite satisfied that he had made the best arrangement for the little wife.

The following week Jairam, who was in the employ of one of the Kattiawar chiefs, was ordered to a distant part of the province. Then a very serious question presented itself, for Jairam must take his family with him—'What could they do with Tara?' They could not take her along, and they dared not leave her behind alone.

While they sat in the doorway discussing the matter in very loud tones, two strange women came along, and hearing the loud voices, they stopped and inquired what was the matter. Jairam said: 'Here we have this girl on our hands, and we know not what to do with her. Her brother was taking her to her husband in Baroda, when he was called back to Hyderabad by the death of his father. We promised to keep her safely until his return, but we are ordered away, and there is no one one to look after the child.'

The women said: 'Why, we are on our way to Hyderabad now, and your best plan will be to put her in our charge, and

we will take her back to her brother; then, after the funeral ceremonies are over he can start again with Tara.'

The simple-minded Jairam thought this a very good solution to the problem, and at once gave the girl into their keeping, with her silken garments, jewellery, and money.

The women led her along quietly until they came to a wild, desolate part of the country, when they tore off her garments, seized her bridal robes, jewellery, and money, and tying her hands and feet, prepared to kill her. Tara had no suspicion of their honesty until they commenced tying her, when she screamed lustily.

Fortunately a cartman was passing on the other side of the hedge, who rushed to her rescue, and reported the women to the district police. They were arrested and brought before the English magistrate, who was making his annual tour in that neighborhood; Tara's property was recovered, and the women were sent to prison.

Then Tara was left on the magistrate's hands, and he placed her under the care of his butler's wife, expecting that her friends would claim her as soon as he could communicate with them. But just at this time the magistrate was transferred to the Ahmedpore district, which lies one hundred miles nearer Hyderabad.

A district magistrate lives in his tents, and moves through the districts with much tent furniture and a large retinue of servants and camp-followers; so with the butler's family went little Tara. As soon as they reached the city the magistrate inquired for a place of refuge where the girl could remain until her friends should claim her. He was told that a 'Madam Sahib' had a school where girls of Tara's age were cared for, and to the 'Sahib's' bungalow the magistrate hastened at once.

The 'Madam Sahib' was very willing to receive Tara into her school, but thought it would not be well for her to enter the boarding department, as that would destroy the child's caste, and make much trouble for her after her return to her friends.

So a Telugu woman of Tara's own caste was found, who promised to feed and otherwise care for her, and she entered the school as a day scholar.

And now began a new life for Tara. Until she was brought before the magistrate, a few days before, she had never even seen a white person. Now she was wakened each morning by the bugle call, and she saw troops of Highlanders and other uniformed soldiers marching in and around the grand old fort, with colors flying and bagpipes playing.

She was now in a large, bustling city, and there was nothing to remind her of her old home except the tinkling of the bells as the herds were driven outside the gates in the morning and brought back at night.

She had never thought of learning to read. None of her family or neighbors could read or write, and there had never been any necessity for such accomplishments.

When one of them wished to send a letter, he called in the village scribe to write it for him, and also to read the answer when it came. 'Why should they learn to read? Their fathers and grandfathers before them had never learned, and the ways of their fathers were good enough for them.'

Now here was Tara learning to read and write and sing and embroider. It was delightful for her—infinitely better than the Sassu's house, where she would be obliged to work so hard.

The magistrate and Lessib Sahib wrote to Hyderabad and Baroda, but no answer came. Little Tara could give no directions for writing. She only knew that her brother's name was Limbaji, son of Ramji, but there were many Limbajis and Ramjis in Hyderabad, and the letters never reached the Limbaji for whom they were intended. Her husband's name was Lalu, and he lived in Baroda, but more she could not tell and Lalu received no letter. So Tara remained in the school, and as she was diligent and studious, she made good progress in her studies.

Years passed, with no tiding from Hyderabad or Baroda, and the time had come when Tara's class was to graduate from the school. It was a great day for those young girls. The hall was crowded with the native gentry of the city, for it was still a novel sight to see girls reading and writing.

A few years before, they had said, 'When you can teach a donkey to read, then you may try to teach our daughters.' And here were a hundred girls who could read and write and sing and embroider! It was all very wonderful, and they came out in full force to see with their eyes and hear with their ears. And the European officers from the camp, with their wives and daughters, came also.

As it happened, a native chief was just then spending a little time in the city. He had been on a pilgrimage to the holy city of Benares, and was on his way back to his province in the South Marathi country. Hearing that all the best people would be at the school, he too came to see what it was like. He was immensely pleased with the exercises, and could scarcely find words to express his appreciation.

The girls were arrayed in their most dazzling garments and jewellery, but Tara outshone all the rest, for her wedding robes and jewellery had been kept for this very occasion, and very pretty she looked, so the young chief thought, and as soon as the exercises were over he came and asked if he might make the bright-eyed girl's acquaintance. He was shyly greeted by the young girl, and it was noticed that they spent a long time in conversation with each other.

The next day the chief made a formal application to the Sahib for Tara's hand, and great was his dismay when he learned that she had been married in infancy. He ruled a large district, and occupied a grand palace, and was in receipt of a good revenue from his subjects. He had long been looking for a wife who could grace his stately home, but until this time he had seen no one who suited him. Tara was lovely and accomplished, and she could direct his large retinue of servants with becoming dignity; yet because she had been married a dozen years before to an obscure lad whom she could not remember, he was to be forever debarred from wooing her. Hindoo law is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the marriage of an infant is binding for life, unless the husband chooses to turn her out and divorce her.

The Sahib tried to comfort the chief with the hope that Tara might already be a widow and free to marry him. Nothing had been heard from Lalu for five years, and they set themselves to devise a plan for discovering whether he still lived.

They decided to send a proclamation into every village in Kattiawar, calling upon Jairam to come forward. Through him they hoped to find Tara's brother, and then news of her husband. Accordingly a printed circular was sent to the headman of every village, and in a few days Jairam was found. Then Limbaji, the brother, was communicated with, and he soon came, declaring his intention to take Tara to her husband's house at once.

The poor girl begged him to spare her. She had been happy all these years, and did not wish to go to the stranger whom she could not remember. But Limbaji was inexorable. It was a disgrace to the family that she had been kept from her husband so long, and every day she remained only added to the disgrace. So she was torn from her friends at Ahmedpore, and again they started on their journey to Baroda.

When they reached Lalu's house they learned that he was in the Maharajah's army, and was then fighting a rebellious hill tribe. He had taken another wife, who was then living with the Sassu whom Tara had so much dreaded in her childhood.

And now commenced a hard life for the poor girl. The Sassu and the other wife were unsparing in their abuse of her. She had disgraced the family, and had broken her caste, and they cried out, 'Unclean, unclean!' whenever she approached them.

They tossed her food to her like a bone to a dog, as she crouched in the darkest and dampest corner of the house. She was compelled to do all the household drudgery—grind the grain and pound out the rice and carry the water. The few books she had brought from Ahmedpore were torn in pieces and scattered to the four winds, while her knitting and embroidery materials were cremated before her eyes. Her only comfort was an occasional salaam from the Telugu woman who had cared for her in Ahmedpore. The chief had sent this woman to Baroda to give Tara aid and comfort as often as opportunity offered. But the opportunities were few, for Tara was sedulously watched by the Sassu, lest she should make her escape.

Sometimes the woman disguised herself as a bangle-seller, and succeeded in secretly conveying food to the poor girl, who was made to fast until she was almost starved. She shed bitter tears over the life she had left behind, and thought regretfully of the grand home which the chief had offered her in the far-away Marathi country.

Why had she been married in infancy? Why should she not have a voice in the matter of her life's companion? She asked herself these questions numberless times, but no answer came. She had been born a Hindoo, and she must submit to Hindoo customs.

Time passed drearily enough, until one day word came that Lalu had been slain in battle. Then the house was filled with wailing. The mother beat her breast and clutched her hair, declaring that vile, polluted Tara was the guilty cause of all this.

She was thrust into the street, and told never to darken their doors again.

Now was the Telugu woman's opportunity, and she came to Tara's rescue, as the cartman had done years before.

At early dawn they were on their way to Ahmedpore. There was no travelling across the country on foot now, but with the swiftest speed of the iron horse; and in twenty-four hours Tara was in the midst of her friends in Ahmedpore again, and the news was flashed to the young chief in his southern home.

In a few weeks there was a grand wedding in Ahmedpore—the grandest since the time of the old Mohammedan kings.

The bride was lovely in her white silken robes and diamonds, and the chief was handsome in his full durbar costume, with his jewel-hilted sword at his side. His garments were embroidered with seed-pearls, and the diamonds composing the aigrette of his turban would have bought up a hundred villages like the one in which Tara had in childhood listened to the tinkling bells of the flocks as she lay under the cottage roof and thought of the distant stars from whence she came.

On Top of the Old.

('Christian Herald.')

At a prayer meeting in London, Mr. Henry Wilkinson told the following story: 'There is a dear old Jew that all my fellow-workers know, whom my father baptized thirty years ago. As he was getting very old, sick, and weakly, I was concerned about the way he lived, and went to see him, and found him in very unpleasant quarters. I didn't like to think that an old Christian like him should be so placed. I said, "We must look after you a little better." "Oh," he said, "I have all that I require." "But," I said, "you ought not to walk about in an old coat like that, full of holes—nothing but rags stuck together. We must see if we cannot find you a good coat. I have one that will just fit you." He said he would be delighted to have it. "Well," I said, "I will only give it you on one condition, and that is, that you will take the old thing you have on out into the yard and burn it." "Well," he said, "Mr. Wilkinson, it would do to put on the bed at night; there is a little warmth in it still." Well, we left the question over for a time, and on Saturday last he turned up here. They said, "Mr. Weyer is here." "Well," I said, taking down a coat which was hanging behind the door, "will you please take that coat down to him, and will you or the others, by fair means or foul, wheedle that old coat out of him; get it off him, and have it burnt in the back yard." Well, in half an hour my friends came up again and said, "We have tried our best, but, do what we can, we cannot get the old coat out of him; and he has actually gone away with the old coat on and the new one on the top of it." Many people are just like that. They want to keep their own righteousness, and then to put Christ's righteousness on the top of it.'

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A Fruit Shower

(Julia Darrow Cowles in 'Youth's Companion.')

'O Betty, I am so glad you came!' exclaimed Marjory, as she met her cousin at the train and gave her a genuine bear's hug.

'I am glad, too!' answered Betty, with emphasis, and then she turned to kiss Uncle Tom.

'I was so afraid you might disappoint me,' Marjory continued, as she and Betty followed arm in arm through the station after Marjory's papa. 'You see, we are going to have a fruit shower to-night, and I wouldn't have you miss it for anything!'

'A fruit shower!' exclaimed Betty, in astonishment. 'I knew you had quantities of fruit all about here, but,' with a laugh, 'I didn't know it rained fruit.'

'Well, it really does sometimes,' answered Marjory, with a gay little laugh, 'as you shall see this evening.'

All day Betty kept wondering what the fruit shower could prove to be like, and she felt sure several times that it had begun, for her at least, as she and Marjory went through Uncle Tom's immense orchards and she was allowed to eat just as much as she liked of peaches and pears and plums. It was a new experience to her, for at her home such things were purchased by the dozen, or in small square baskets, and even then they did not taste at all as these fine, large fruits did, hanging ripe on the trees.

She was especially surprised at finding that the plums which she ate were the kind which were dried and sent to market, where they were sold as prunes. 'Why, I thought that prunes were always dried,' she said, with a laugh; 'but of course I might have known better.'

About five o'clock several of Marjory's friends came by twos and threes to the house, each carrying one or more baskets of fruit. At last, when nearly a dozen children had gathered, and each one had been introduced to Betty, Marjory brought in four fine baskets of fruit, each trimmed with flowers, for her own and Betty's share of the 'shower.'

'Now we are ready,' she announced, and each one picked up the baskets belonging to them and started off.

'You see,' said Marjory to Betty as they started down the street, 'even though there are such quantities of fruit in this state, there are some people who do not have any of their own, and so we children have a custom of giving several fruit showers when there is the greatest abundance of it. To-night we are going to shower Mrs. Peck. She goes out washing by the day, and has three children to take care of. We take enough so that they can all have a good feast while it is fresh, and have some left over to can for next winter.'

'Oh, how splendid!' exclaimed Betty, looking down at her two well-laden baskets with new interest. 'Does she know we are coming?'

'No, indeed,' answered Marjory. 'We found out that she is away at work to-day, for we want to surprise her. There is the house now,' she continued, pointing to a trim little cabin with vines running over its unpainted sides.

The three Peck children were playing 'keep house' in a corner of the yard, and they looked up as the group of merry children passed them.

'Why, why,' exclaimed Jennie Peck, 'they're coming in our gate!'

'Oh, it must be a fruit shower!' chimed in Johnny, his eyes shining with sudden excitement. 'Don't you remember Jimmie Snow's mother had one last year, and we ain't never had one, never!'

'Oh, hush, Johnny!' cried Jennie, anxiously.

'Is this Jennie Peck?' asked Marjory.

'Yes'm,' answered Jennie, with a very red face, at the same time giving Johnny a look of warning.

'And I'm Johnny Peck!' added Johnny, eagerly, quite unabashed by Jennie's frown.

'Can we get in the house before your mother comes home?' asked one of the girls, for all the children had gathered now about Jennie and Johnny and the baby, who had left their play.

'We have brought a fruit shower,' another explained, 'and we want to fix things before she comes, so it will surprise her.'

Jennie's face flushed even more deeply at this announcement, and Johnny turned a back somersault and a handspring in his joy at thus having his prediction proven true. He came to his feet in time to rush ahead of Jennie and open the door, and the children hurried in after him.

They quickly cleared a small table of its basket of work, and piled a pyramid of peaches upon its top, with a border of flowers around the base of the pyramid.

While this was being done, some of the others laid out a geometrical design upon th. kitchen table, using pears, plums and grapes, and arranging them to make contrasting borders of color. An immense cluster of grapes was hung over the table, suspended from a nail in the wall, and several dishes were filled with the remaining fruit and decorated with flowers.

Altogether, the room looked very tempting when the children had finished, and even Johnny was dumb with admiration.

'Now, then,' said Marjory, as the children picked up their empty baskets; but before she could finish they heard a step, and looking up, they discovered Mrs. Peck in the doorway.

'Why, what is this?' she exclaimed in astonishment, as she looked about the room.

'It's a fruit shower!' the children shouted in chorus.

'Oh, I don't know how to thank you!' Mrs. Peck replied; and the children, who began to feel embarrassed at Mrs. Peck's gratitude, were relieved when Johnny gave a sudden spring and stood on his head in the middle of the floor.

'I think a fruit shower is the nicest kind of surprise party I ever heard of,' said Betty to Marjory, as they walked home arm in arm, swinging their empty baskets.

A Character Sketch.

(Frances J. Dyer, in 'S.S. Times.')

Bertha Dean was acknowledged authority, in the town where she lived, on all points of taste. She knew precisely what was the correct thing in dress, in manners, in speech, in household appointments. When she found herself becoming an oracle in such matters, she cultivated her naturally fine taste with still greater assiduity, and threw as much ardor into the work of matching a ribbon, or adjusting a bit of drapery, as other girls gave to grav-

er pursuits. With secret satisfaction she noted that no enterprise in the church, involving the exercise of artistic faculties, was ever undertaken without consulting her, though quite oblivious to the fact that her assistance was never solicited for anything else. In plans for practical benevolence, like visiting the sick, helping the unfortunate, teaching the sinful and ignorant, she would have been about as useful as the lay-figures in a milliner's window.

By degrees Bertha's wisdom in mere worldly things grew a bit oppressive to her friends. The girls dreaded to converse with her, lest they be tripped up on a grammatical blunder. Any fault in dress became the target for her critical eye. Any lack of harmony in color or arrangement in a room was certain to be noticed, and in a manner, too, which made its occupants feel uncomfortable. A 'gaucherie,' in her eyes, was almost a sin. Said an acquaintance, at one time:

'I met Bertha Dean on the street to-day, and she looked at my shabby gloves in a way that made me feel as if I'd been caught stealing!'

One day news spread through the town that Bertha had been summoned to the death-bed of a brother in a neighboring state. Somehow it seemed incongruous. So utterly impossible was it to conceive of her in any surroundings except the most orderly, in a place where emotion would be sure to overleap her ideas of propriety, that a neighbor voiced the general sentiment by asking, in perplexed tones:

'What in the world can she do there?'

Quickly came the sarcastic response:

'She can tell to an inch what ought to be the length of the widow's veil, and will be very useful in deciding whether the children's mourning hosiery should be with clocks or without.'

Poor Bertha! This was, indeed, about all that she could do in the stricken household. Other hands than hers wiped tears from the eyes of the fatherless children, and others taught them of the resurrection. Other voices spoke words of sympathy to the mother, and prayed for divine comforting. In short, all the real ministry, in this hour of need, came from some one else. The girl was honestly puzzled to see how little weight the family gave to things which she deemed of supreme importance. She tried to be helpful, and was sincerely distressed because some garments, hastily prepared for her sister at the time, were ill-fitting, and because she seemed utterly indifferent to certain rules of decorum for funeral occasions, which Bertha had studied with care.

While facing the realities of death and sorrow, a faint impulse towards better things stirred her heart. For a time life did seem to be more than meat, and the body than raiment; but she soon relapsed into her old absorption in trifles.

It is very desirable to know how to decorate a room and arrange a table daintily; but there is need, also, to store up a wealth of love and tact and sympathy for heart-needs, as we journey through a world of sin and suffering. To girls of Bertha's character it might be said: 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Force of Example

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Constance admired no one in the church so much as she did Mrs. Hartwell, and Constance did not admire everybody.

Mrs. Hartwell was tall and beautiful, and stately, and she wrote for the papers and magazines. This was her crowning attraction in the eyes of Constance. 'Just to think of being talented enough to write for publication, and pay,' she used to sigh. 'If I were in her place, wouldn't I hold my head high? I don't know whether I'd live in Finley or not. It's not good enough.'

But Mrs. Hartwell continued to live in Finley and seemed to enjoy it. Though wealthy in her own right, no one would guess it, until he stepped across the threshold of her home. There beautiful pictures looked down upon one, from softly tinted walls, rare bric-a-brac graced the different apartments, and statues gleamed whitely upon their pedestals. It was a fitting abode for so rare and gentle a spirit.

By right of her splendid intellect, Katherine Hartwell gathered about her the most cultured and cultivated people, and yet in spite of the adulation of the people, she remained as true and simple as a child.

Once in a while Constance went up to see her. She invariably came home flushed and elated, eager to tell mother about it, and she always concluded by saying: 'Oh mother, I'd give anything to be like her. Isn't she lovely?'

'She certainly is,' mother would always say, 'lovely in disposition as well as face. With all her beauty and talent, she could not be spoiled. I believe if anyone has, she does possess "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." That's what God loves in his children. I wish more of us had it.' And Constance would flush up and turn away.

Constance did not have a good disposition. Coupled with a love of dress was an inordinate pride; a selfish pride, that blinded her to everything but money and display. Not any of the young people were quite good enough for her to associate with, unless it were Charlotte Briggs, who had been to Europe, or Ruth Hall, the doctor's daughter.

She liked Ruth because she wore an opal and diamond ring, and rode in a trap. The poorer members of her Sunday-school class she seldom noticed, or even looked at. It was no wonder, then, that the tall, slender, yellow-haired girl in her pretty clothes, was no favorite.

It used to hurt mother a good deal, and she used to pray over the matter in secret. She could not help feeling proud of her little daughter, as mothers will, but she did wish she were less imperious and money-loving.

Father was not rich, and they only kept one servant, poor Sarah, whom Constance ordered about very much as a real Princess would a slave. But Sarah stayed, because she loved and was grateful to the mother.

'Why didn't you speak to Annie Comstock, Constance?' asked mother one day. They had passed Annie on the street, a slender, fragile little figure in a faded dress and hat. 'She's in your Sunday-school class, isn't she?'

Constance turned. 'Why, mother,' she cried, 'she works out for a living, washing dishes in a restaurant, or something. Didn't you know that?'

'What if she does,' replied mother, quietly. 'You might at least speak to her. A cheery good-night or good-morning is the best tonic I know of. It makes life worth living to these poor little wage-workers who have so little sunshine. Annie has it hard enough. You might have lightened her burden, dear child. Like the Priest and the Levite, "you passed by."'

'I can't help it,' retorted Constance, holding her chin up. 'I've got my own position to maintain. Let people like that go in their own class.' And mother, stifling a sigh, said no more.

The church was full that evening. More than once Constance stole a glance at Mrs. Hartwell as she sat in her pew. Her face looked pure and sweet, and though she wore only a plain black gown, Constance thought she had never seen her so beautiful.

It was a grand sermon, and at the close of it the minister came down to speak to some of the members. Constance lingered. She wanted to catch a smile and a bow from the one she admired most in the world. As she stood there, old Aunt Nancy Bean came up. Aunt Nancy was old, very old, but she never omitted a service. She was a remarkable woman for her years, and eked out a scanty living still by washing and ironing. Aunt Nancy wore a black and white calico, a rusty cape and a black bonnet that had done duty for numberless seasons. She wore no gloves, and her knotted, toil-worn hands, held tremulously a little Bible. She made straight for Mrs. Hartwell.

'Mrs. Hartwell,' she began in her shrill, cracked old voice, 'I've come to ask you if I can walk as far as home with you. I'm a little afraid to go alone. It's dark, and I don't see as well as I used to.'

Constance looked at the beautiful, queenly woman, and then at the little bent figure, regarding her with dim, wistful eyes. What would she do? But Constance did not wait long. Katherine Hartwell acted as she had done all her life, straight on the impulse of a loving and tender heart.

'Of course you may, Aunt Nancy,' she cried warmly. 'I'll be glad of your company,' and then, before half the church, she took the poor old trembling creature tenderly by the arm and led her out of the door and carefully down the steps.

Constance went home with a new emotion stirring at her heart strings. She told mother all about it. 'I would have refused, I know I would, if I had been in her place,' went on Constance. 'Aunt Nancy did look so poor, old and shabby, but Mrs. Hartwell looked as if she didn't care a bit. She took Aunt Nancy's arm as if she had been worth a million. It made me ashamed of the way I do and act. It was lots better than a sermon, mother. I seemed to see my real self all at once, and how small and mean I must look in God's sight. Gifted as she is, if she can notice and be kind to Aunt Nancy Bean, I don't think it will hurt me. I may never be fortunate enough to write for papers and magazines, but I can at least be made considerate of other people's feelings. I scolded and was cross to Sarah yesterday because the tucks weren't ironed to suit me in my pink waist. I'm going to apologize this minute.'

There was a tear in mother's eye, but a new hope was in her heart.

'You know what Louisa Alcott once said, Constance? "That the most elegant manners are the kindest." And it's true, little daughter. You must remember one thing, too. God loves to have us humble. We are all the same in his sight, rich and poor, high and low, obscure or famous. The same kind Hand is leading all of us. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." It's worth striving for, isn't it, dear child?'

'Indeed it is,' replied Constance, with her heart in her voice.

Sowing

(Mary Joslin Smith, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Mary, see here; I have brought you a little girl!'

At the sound of her husband's voice, Mary stepped from the room where she was putting her boys to bed, to the head of the stairs and looked down to the lower hall.

Her husband had come on an earlier train than she expected, and let himself in with his latch-key.

Where has he picked up that object? was her thought, as she went down to welcome him and see the child. It would not have required a great stretch of imagination to think she belonged to some wild tribe. Her hair hung down to her shoulders and into her eyes, she wore dark cotton coarse clothing, and the lunch she had in her basket was as coarse.

'Show your card to Mrs. Morgan,' said the colonel, and the child took from her basket a pasteboard marked with her name and destination; it had a string attachment so it could be hung about her neck. Mary learned that the child had been put upon the train back at one of the country stations, her fare paid and she tagged for a place in the lumber district in Michigan. It was Saturday night, and both the conductor and Col. Morgan knew that even if the child went on to Detroit, there she would have to stay over, for no trains run on Sunday out to the nearest station to the child's home. Col. Morgan telegraphed to the station agent that the child was safe, and brought her home to stay until the late afternoon train left on Sunday, so she could take an early Monday morning train home.

Esther was eight years old, and she told Mrs. Morgan that she had a stepfather who did not like her, and she had been sent to her grandmother's. 'But they are poor, and could not keep me any longer,' she added, sadly.

Everything was so strange to the child in that home. 'It is just like a dream, isn't it?' she kept saying. 'Doesn't anybody get cross here?' she asked.

Mrs. Morgan put one of her boy's nightgowns on the child as she prepared to put her to bed. 'I never have these at home,' she said.

'Do you pray to God at night,' asked Mrs. Morgan.

'Why, no; I don't know how. Could you tell me?'

What Mrs. Morgan told her seemed to be received in childlike faith, and she said, 'I will pray after this.'

When she got into bed she rocked herself on the springs, then jumped out of bed to look under and see what made it like a cradle.

'I never saw anything but cords for a bed before,' she said; then creeping back, hummed herself to sleep rocking the springs.

On the morrow it was a serious problem whether to take the child to church. Col. Morgan's love for children, his study of their nature and needs seemed always to keep him very near the kingdom of Heaven. He begged of his wife to fix the child up some way, and let her go and hear the music and see inside a church and Sunday-school.

Mrs. Morgan was the superintendent of the primary department of the school connected with her church. The children were well dressed and well trained, but she felt sure they could not help laughing at Esther. However, she fixed her up the best she could, and Esther went with the family.

At the sound of the organ she asked out loud, 'Where does that big noise come from?' When the minister began to pray, she asked: 'Is he talking to God as you told me last night?'

But the Sunday-school delighted Esther most of all. Her dark, homely little face was aglow with interest.

At the close of the school she said to Mrs. Morgan: 'Will you give me all the papers and tickets you can spare? When I get home I know I can start a Sunday-school.'

'Yes, Esther, I will,' replied Mrs. Morgan. 'But can you teach a school?'

'No, but I know a pretty lady two miles from my house that came there from some city; I guess she will know how. I can get her a class of boys and girls, I am sure; not large, like yours, but we can have a good time.'

Sure enough, from that one Sunday's visit in that school little Esther had enthusiasm enough kindled within her to really start a Sunday-class, and the founding of a list of prosperous schools in that lumber country can be traced back to that child's visit, which seemed the merest chance.

Years afterward, Mrs. Morgan said:—'What if I had stayed at home with the child that Sunday, or left her with the servant, as I was tempted to do?'

'In the morning sow the seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.'

The Adventure of a Toad.

(Marion Winfield Hissey, in 'New York Observer.')

One summer afternoon Vandalia, Eleanor and Walter were walking in the park. Walter saw a toad hopping across the gravel walk, and disappear in the grass.

'Vandalia,' cried Walter, 'look at the toad.' Vandalia and Eleanor came up to where Walter stood and looked at the toad sitting in the grass, contented and happy. And old man passing the children, heard their conversation about the toad, paused, and said:

'Children, let us have some fun with Brother Toad.' With his cane in his hands and getting down on his knees, he slowly pushed the cane through the grass, in the direction of the toad's head, making the grass move as though a snake was crawling through it. The toad all this time sat dignified and stately as a king, not a smile on his homely face, now and then his eyes blinking, he looked the image of joy, unclouded by sorrow.

As the cane came slowly through the grass, its polished surface glistening in the sunlight, the toad caught sight of it—a wonderful change came over him—his dignity failed—he suddenly gave a high leap into the air, and fell down in the grass with a thud, and then began a series of jumps, and leaps, like a rabbit makes when the hound chases him, and the toad continued these jumps until he passed out of view, down a hill.

Walter yelled with delight, crying, 'Go it, toady.' Vandalia laughed until tears came into her eyes, and said: 'Toady thinks it is a snake.' Eleanor looked at the toad hopping away from its supposed danger, and said, in a voice of pity, 'Poor little toad, it is too bad to scare you.'

When the toad reached its home under the rocks, worn out by its long run for life, he told a great story to the other toads of the family, about the snake coming through the grass, and how he hopped away so fast that the snake could not catch him, and the other toads all looked upon him as a hero.

There is many a man going about with a wonderful reputation for bravery, whose bravery, like that of the toad's, rest solely upon a danger that never existed.

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The following are the contents of the issue of March 14, of 'World Wide':

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Mr. Chamberlain in South Africa—'Manchester Guardian.'
The Kaiser as Higher Critic—The Effect in Germany—'Christian World,' London.
A Reply to the Kaiser.
The Monroe Doctrine—By A. T. Mahan, in the 'National Review,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Young Mozart—'Academy and Literature,' London.
George Inness—By John C. Van Dyke, Professor of Art in Rutger's College, in the 'Outlook.' Abridged.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Mistress March—Poem, by Hilton R. Greer, in 'Lippincott's.'
The Poets' London—A few of the poems which London has inspired—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Mishap of 'Wee Ma'Gregor'—By J. J. Bell, in the Glasgow 'Herald.'
The World Through College Windows—By H. T. H., in 'The Methodist Times,' London.
The Daughter of the House—F. A. Steele, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
Hymns in The Making—'The Speaker,' London.
The Black List—'Academy and Literature,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Professor Huxley as Teacher—By one of his old Students, in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
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A Very Queer Beast.

(M. E. R., in 'Child's Companion.')

The lesser ant-eater—a picture of which we give here—is a first cousin of the great ant-bear of South America. But though there is a strong family likeness between them—as is common among cousins—there are also great differences both in their looks and in their habits.

The great ant-bear is a large animal—often four and a half feet in length. He has long, thick, coarse hair of grey and black, tremendous claws at the end of his stumpy feet, a narrow, snake-like head, a toothless mouth, a tongue like a huge, wriggling worm, and a vast brush of a tail with which, when he lies down, he can cover himself entirely, thus turning suddenly from one of the queerest and most ungainly beasts into what looks just like a very warm and cosy rug of coarse fur.

Big Mr. Ant-bear is a lazy animal except when he is seeking after his food. This is found in the great ant-hills in the plains and woods of South America. With his powerful claws he breaks open the strongholds of the little ant folk, and when they begin to collect and rush about in the breaches he has made he puts out his long sticky tongue.

A TOPSY-TURVY MODE OF DRINKING.

When the ants have crowded upon it in sufficient numbers—hey, presto! Back curls the worm-like tongue, and with one gulp the bewildered ants are swallowed.

But the lesser ant-eater does not seek his food upon the ground like his big relation. He is a tree-dweller, feeding upon the insects that infest the trunks and branches, and especially the termites, or big white ants, that make their long galleries in old trees and rotting timber.

This lesser ant-eater is more active than his big lazy cousin, and his tail, instead of being a bush of coarse fur merely used for a covering, is like that of some of the monkey tribe—prehensile, which means that it has the power of curling round any object and holding on firmly like a hand. Thus the creature can hang from a branch as easily as a trained acrobat from a trapeze.

None of the real ant-eaters have teeth, so when these animals are kept in confinement they are fed on soft food such as bread and milk, with a little raw meat minced very fine. In a wild state they are said to be, like the bear, very fond of honey, nor do they object to gobbling up the bees too, perhaps by way of adding to the flavor.

All the varieties of this species are considered to be rather stupid creatures, and if the size of the brain is any test of intelligence we can hardly expect much from an animal with such a narrow head, where there would scarcely seem to be room for any brain at all.

Bessie's Button.

(Susan Brown Robbins, in 'Little Folks.')

Bessie was learning to sew on buttons. Her mother had marked the places where they were to go and Bessie was sitting beside the open window sewing them on her new dress. They were pretty white pearl, with little stars cut on every one. Bessie just loved to look at them as they lay ranged in a row on the window-sill, shining in the sunshine.

'I've sewed on three,' said Bessie; and she reached out her hand for the fourth, when in some way she knocked six of them out of the window.

'Dear me!' she said. 'Now I shall have to go out and pick them up. I hope I'll find them all!' So she took off her thimble, laid the dress across a chair, and ran out into the yard.

Somebody was there before her

and had picked them up, every one. Mr. Toots, the big snow-white rooster, was standing under the window, and the last button was disappearing within his beak when Bessie came around the corner.

Now Bessie was very fond of Mr. Toots. He was quite tame; and, whenever she caught him, she would lay her cheek against his smooth neck and hug him. Whenever he saw her he would come up on the doorstep 'on purpose to be hugged,' Bessie said. She fed him every morning, saving the nicest crumbs for his breakfast, and he loved to walk about the garden with her.

But now, when Bessie saw what he had done, she turned and ran into the house as fast as she could. She was almost crying. 'Oh, mamma, mamma,' she said, 'Mr. Toots has eaten six of my buttons and he will die!'

Mamma looked surprised, then she smiled. 'Oh, no, Mr. Toots won't die,' she said. 'Buttons are just the sort of things Mr. Toots needs to chew his food with.'

Bessie opened her eyes wide at that, and her mother laughed. 'You know Mr. Toots hasn't any teeth,' she explained, 'so he has to grind his food in a little tough bag inside of him, which is called his gizzard. But there needs to be something hard, like gravel-stones or bits of crockery, to mix with the food and help grind it fine as the gizzard squeezes and squeezes it. Your buttons, with their fine edges, will be nice for that purpose.'

And just at that moment Mr. Toots answered for himself in a hearty voice, looking in at the door. 'Cock a-doodle-doo!' he said, which meant 'Nonsense, don't worry about me!'

Helping.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross faces looked down at it.

'It's too heavy for me,' said Jimmy.

'Well, you are as big as I am, 'cause we're twins,' said Nelly.

'I won't carry it!' said the little cousin, with a point.

Mother looked from her window and saw the trouble. 'One day I saw a picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for anyone of them to carry. What do you think they did?'

'They all took hold of it together,' said mother, 'and then they could fly away with it.'

The children laughed and looked at one another; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry.

'The way to do all the hard things in the world,' said mother, 'is for everyone to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help.'—Philadelphia 'Methodist.'

The Difference.

'Willie, why were you gone so long for the water?' asked the teacher of a little boy.

'We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again,' was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

'Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary?'

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for a moment—he looked frankly up into his teacher's face.

'Yes, ma'am,' he bravely answered; 'we met little Harry Braden, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water, and had to go back.'

Little friends, what was the difference in the answer of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true, Which of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?—'Intelligencer.'

He Hadn't Allowed For the Breadth.

('Child's Companion.')

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

'Why, Fred,' said Cousin Mary, 'you surprise me.'

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, with a show of humility:—

'It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses!'

'Oh, it was not the length of the lesson, but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart.'

'What do you mean, Cousin Mary?'

'I was just thinking about this little verse:—"If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive your trespasses." That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you say a few minutes ago that you never would forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you live!'

Fred was silent. He had never once thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his head he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But Cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

The Child and the Berries.

('Morning Star.')

'Look, papa,' cried a child, 'at the berries I have found.'

As the little girl said it, she showed her father her basket half-full of them.

Why did he start and ask, 'Have you eaten any of them, my child?'

'No, papa.'

'Not one?'

'No, papa, not one!'

He was very pale, as though some great sorrow had touched him; but he murmured, 'Thank God!'

'Give them to me,' he said, 'every one.'

'Every one, papa?'

'Yes, every one; I must fling them all away.'

'Fling away my pretty black berries that I took so long to find?'

'Yes, dear child, they are poison.'

There were tears in her eyes, but she gave them up; and he dug a deep hole in the garden, flung them in, stamped them to pieces, and buried them.

'Why, what are they?' she asked.

When he answered, he said, 'They are the deadly nightshade.'

Hast thou, O Father, ever taken away the berries that it took us so long to find? We know thou didst it in mercy, but it was hard to think so then.

Give us faith to trust thee in this, or anything else thou mayest do.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid. 30c year.

LESSON XIV.—APRIL 5.

Acts xx., 28-38.

Golden Text.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx., 35.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 30.—Acts xx., 17-27.
Tuesday, Mar. 31.—Acts xx., 28-38.
Wednesday, April 1.—I Peter v., 1-11.
Thursday, April 2.—I Tim. iv., 8-16.
Friday, April 3.—I Cor. iv., 1-11.
Saturday, April 4.—Heb. iii., 12-19.
Sunday, April 5.—Col. ii., 1-9.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

28. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

29. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.

30. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.

31. Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn everyone night and day with tears.

32. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

33. I have coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel;

34. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered, unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.

35. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

36. And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all.

37. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him.

38. Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.

We left Paul at Ephesus, where Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen had stirred up a riot, that might have resulted seriously had it not been for the prompt action of the town-clerk, who quieted and dismissed the people. The apostle himself, as we saw, was not harmed.

Paul had now been preaching and teaching in Ephesus for three years, during which time he supported himself (verse 34). The Gospel had not only been thoroughly preached to the Ephesians, but had been spread throughout Asia Minor, which at this time contained a population of about twenty millions. Paul's work as a missionary, a witness to the truth, was therefore finished at Ephesus. Not only so, but it was evident from the recent riot that his further stay might result in more or less disturbance. Immediately after the uproar, therefore, Paul bade the disciples farewell and left for Macedonia, where we found him at the beginning of the last quarter's lessons, for it was in Macedonia that Philippi, Thessalonica, and Berea were situated.

He is thus continuing his third missionary journey, and is revisiting the churches he founded when upon his second. It is not known how long Paul stayed in Macedonia, but probably several months, then he went down into Greece again, after possibly extending the Gospel to the westward of Macedonia. He remained in Greece about three months, most of the time probably at Corinth.

When about to sail for Syria, it was found that the Jews lay in wait for him, so Paul changed his plan and started by way of Macedonia, on his return to Jerusalem, which he desired to reach in time for the day of Pentecost. Luke joined him in Macedonia, as indicated by the renewed use of the first personal pronoun, and seven others are also named in the early part of this chapter as accompanying Paul upon this trip to Jerusalem. It is supposed that they acted as delegates, from the various churches from which they came, to aid Paul in taking to the poor of the church in Jerusalem money which had been collected for that purpose. In the epistle to the Romans, written during this short visit to Greece, xv., 25, 26, Paul says, 'But now I go unto Jerusalem to minister unto the saints. For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem.'

His plan to sail directly to a seaport near Jerusalem, having been changed on account of the hostility of the Jews in Greece, he passed through Macedonia, as we have seen. Also Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus, because he would not spend the time in Asia: 'for he hasted, if it were possible for him to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost.' But Paul loved the Ephesian church, and took the opportunity of addressing it through its elders. The vessel with the apostolic party stopped at Miletus, a port some thirty miles south of Ephesus. Landing here, Paul sent for the elders of the church at Ephesus, and when they had come down he proceeded to deliver to them a farewell address. He first rehearsed briefly his life among them, and showed the prospect of further trials that loomed up before him. Then he solemnly announces that they shall see his face no more, closing this first part of his remarks with the words, 'Wherefore, I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.' Verses 26, 27.

Our lesson commences with verse 28, wherein he begins his closing admonition to the church at Ephesus, and contains the remainder of the address and the touching scene as the elders from Ephesus bid the apostle a last farewell.

The date of these events was the spring of A.D. 57. Paul was closing his third missionary journey, Nero was Emperor of Rome. Miletus was a noted city of Asia Minor, situated at the mouth of the river Meander, on the western coast of the country.

When we come to examine this lesson, we find that we can divide it under about five heads:

1. Admonition to Carefulness. Verse 28.
2. Warning of Troubles to Come. Verses 29-31.
3. Ephesians Commended to God. Verse 32.
4. Paul Reviews His Own Conduct. Verses 33-35.
5. He bids the Ephesian Elders Farewell. Verses 36-38.

Often we miss the true meaning of a passage by not separating the parts treating of different things, and, at the same time, grouping those verses which should be taken together. Learn to do this, and you will greatly improve your grasp of the subject.

In verse 28 Paul uses the word 'therefore' as though giving a conclusion. He has just recounted what he has done for them, in declaring 'all the counsel of God,' and so says they are 'therefore' to take heed to themselves and to the flock which they have been divinely called to oversee. He can no longer be with them, but has done all he can to prepare them for carrying on the work of the church. They were bidden to take heed to themselves and to the flock, but this does not mean they were to act from a selfish motive, but to see that their own lives and conduct were right, so that they might be examples of Christian living.

Paul also speaks of the flock, 'over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers.' The Revised Version says, 'in the which,' for these elders were a part of the church they were to oversee. The word translated 'overseer' is in the Greek 'episcopous,' which is commonly translated 'bishops.'

Notice that these overseers, or bishops, were called to their work by the Holy Ghost. It is not an office to be seized by means of influence or shrewd planning, but it is one that is bestowed by the Spirit of God. Also the duty of these overseers was to 'feed the church,' not to make a show of their authority, but to use it for the aid of the church, to administer to its strength and growth. Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton has said that animals that are the recognized leaders of flocks, do not come to be such because of any command over the flock, but because they are the most skilful in finding pastures.

Again these elders are reminded of the solemn nature of their charge, by the fact that the church is not theirs, but has been purchased by the precious blood of God. They are simply entrusted with the duty of caring for it.

Evidently the flock is going to need shepherds, for the apostle foresees dangers ahead, as he says in verses 29-31. You will see by his words that the enemies which were to afflict the Ephesian church were from two sources. Some should enter in from without, like wolves breaking into a sheepfold, and should not spare the flock. These were open enemies of the Gospel, but the other class arose from within the church itself, men who should pervert the truth, just as there are men in the church to-day who teach their own notions instead of the doctrines of the Bible. Paul therefore gives an earnest warning to these elders to watch, recalling his own anxiety for them during his three years' ministry in Ephesus.

If you turn to Revelation ii., 1-7, and read the message of Christ to the church of Ephesus, you will see how this prophecy of Paul was fulfilled, and will find there evidence that his church exercised, at least to a certain extent, the watchfulness that Paul enjoined. In Revelation ii., 2, we read, 'I know thy works, and thy labor and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars.' Again, in the sixth verse, 'But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate.' We find in this passage that the Ephesian church was not wholly spotless in its record, but it had at least the things above mentioned to its credit.

It was very fitting that Paul should commend the church to God, not only as a reminder of their one source of strength and help, but in view of the difficulties that threaten them, as he has just foretold. He enlarges a little upon the idea of commending them to God by adding, 'and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.' They have not only God himself to rely upon, but they have also his Word, to be a lasting source of guidance, comfort, and aid to their Christian growth, and which at last will bring them to an inheritance among the sanctified.

We have, in this 32nd verse, a solemn placing of a young and struggling body of Christians in the hands of God. To listen to a devout man thus entrusting someone to God's care is not to go through a meaningless ceremony. It is a matter of real importance and concern to those engaged, and appeals to God himself.

In closing (verses 33-35) the apostle briefly reminds the sorrowing company before him that he, when among them, did not covert their property, but rather supported himself and assisted others by honest labor. He was not seeking to enrich himself among them, but to win them to Christ—not their possessions but themselves formed the object of his life among

them. He emphasizes his words by calling them to witness the truth of what he says—'Yea, ye yourselves know,' etc.

He did this also as an example, showing them how they should support the weak, and to call to their remembrance the words of Christ, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Having closed his last utterance to his brethren of the church of Ephesus, Paul and the little company about him knelt, as he prayed with them. The prayer is not recorded, yet how full of tenderness and earnest supplication for this church he so loved we can imagine it to be. Then with tears of sorrow, because he had told them they should see his face no more, they take leave of him with the kiss of affection. It was not a moment of mere emotion over the departure of a friend, but the grief of serious and strong men over the loss of one from among them who had brought them the knowledge of salvation. He was to sail away from their earthly sight forever, into new trials and labors and perils, and they were to return to face new difficulties at home, but without the presence of one who had preached the truth with power and wrought miracles among them.

'And they accompanied him unto the ship.' It was the last their love could do, to companion him to the edge of the sea that was to bear him away. So his third missionary journey draws to a close.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Apr. 5.—Topic—What the parable of the Good Samaritan teaches us. Luke x., 30-37.

Junior C. E. Topic

THE TABERNACLE BUILDERS.

Monday, Mar. 30.—God gives food. Gen. ix., 3.

Tuesday, Mar. 31.—God gives sunshine. Matt. v., 45.

Wednesday, Apr. 1—God's great gift. John iii., 16.

Thursday, Apr. 2.—Giving to God. Ezra ii., 68, 69.

Friday, Apr. 3.—A kingly gift. Matt. ii., 11.

Saturday, Apr. 4.—A noble gift. Mark xii., 44.

Sunday, Apr. 5.—Topic—What the tabernacle-builders teach me. Ex. xxxv., 4-10, 21, 22; II. Cor. ix., 6, 7.

Do Not Guarantee Advertising.

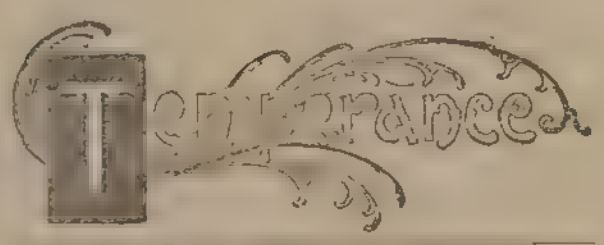
'Would you kindly let me know through your valuable paper if you consider the offer made by the ——— ———, to be a genuine offer.

'Old Subscriber.'

The publishers cannot guarantee advertising. They do, however, exercise extraordinary precautions to protect their readers from advertisers whose intention is inimical to their interests, either morally, physically, or financially. The publishers sacrifice many thousand dollars annually in keeping out such advertising.

It must be remembered, however, that it is not always possible to know in advance the intentions of an advertiser, or the value of his wares. It must also be remembered that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and what gives great satisfaction to one, displeases another. It is a good rule to remember that the greater the chance of gain, and the greater the chance of loss go hand in hand, and that it is never wise to take chances with more than one can afford to lose. Hence, the more speculative investments should be left to those who have something and to spare. After every precaution is exercised by the publishers, it still remains to the individual reader to use his own good judgment, based on such investigations as he may think fit to make.

God reveals the secret of his future will to those who worthily do it in the present. —James Martineau.



Temperance Fairies

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS AND TWO GIRLS.

('Temperance Record.')

Boys and girls meet. The boys bow elaborately.

First Boy.
Excuse me, ladies, but your help I pray,
For I am much afraid we've lost our way.

First Girl.
Pray say, good sir, whither you wish to go,
And then the pathway we will try to show.

First Boy.
To Moderation City, One Glass Square,
That is our home. Pray were you ever there?

First Girl.
Never, sir! And, from all that I've heard tell,
'Tis an unhealthy place in which to dwell.

Second Boy.
Unhealthy, madam! Why, on every hand
'Tis thought the finest place in all the land!
There's not another city, far or wide,
In which so many men of note reside.

Second Girl.
All the same, 'tis a dangerous spot,
And I defy you to prove that it is not.

First Boy.
We have no time to argue, it grows late,
And our return some anxious friends await.
What is the name of this bewildering plain?
And how can we get to our home again?

First Girl.
This plain, good sir? 'Tis nothing more nor less
Than the vast Borderland of Drunkenness.

Second Girl.
Yes, and you must be careful where you tread,
For there's the Cave of Ruin just ahead.

Second Boy.
Impossible! We can't have strayed so far.

First Girl.
Indeed, sir, that's exactly where you are!

First Boy.
But how came we to so mistake the way
As on to this dark, dismal plain to stray?

First Girl.
Why, don't you know, sir, that this plain so wide
Reaches right up to Moderation's side?

Second Girl.
Yes, hundreds of her citizens each year
Stray from her boundaries, and perish here.

Second Boy.
We have no wish to linger on this plain;
Just tell us, please, how to get back again.

First Girl.
Alas! of those who stray upon this track,
There are but few who take the journey back.

First Boy.
But Moderation can't be hard to find;
We have not left it very far behind.

Second Girl.
I've never known one lost upon this plain
Who found his way back to that fair domain.

Second Boy.
Madam, we're wasting time! Tell, if you know,
In which direction we had better go.

First Girl.
We can't direct you, sir, to One Glass Square,
And if we could, you would not tarry there,
For whether you might wish to come or not
Your feet would wander back to this dark spot.

First Boy.
Well! Well! All this, you know, sounds very queer!
But may we ask what you are doing here?

Second Boy.
Yes, tell us, please, for youthfulness and grace
Seem out of keeping with this dismal place.

First Girl.
Alas! good sir, yet hundreds every year,
Who are both young and graceful, perish here.
But we are little fairies, sent to show
Those who are lost, like you, which way to go.
But not to your old town, or One Glass Square;
Oh, no! but to a city far more fair.

Second Girl.
A city where no tempting paths allure
To this dark plain, but all may feel secure,
For 'tis protected by a high safe fence,
This law-abiding city, abstinence.

First Boy to Second.
I've heard before of this idyllic spot,
What do you say, mate, shall we go or not?

Second Boy.
Why, yes, I have no wish to perish here,
And I already feel a little queer.
(To Girls).
Show us the road: I hope it isn't long.

First Boy.
No! And be sure you do not send us wrong.

First Girl (pointing).
In order, sir, to reach your new domain,
You'd better take the cut we call 'Pledge Lane,'
It merges into Self Denial Road,
And that will take you straight to your abode.

Second Girl.
A happier spot than that you leave,
So pray do not for Moderation grieve.

First Boy.
Well, madam, I sincerely hope you're right.
And now with many thanks, I'll say good-night:
But tell me, can we send in any way
Word to our friends of where we've gone to stay?

First Girl.
Yes, you can wire from thence, and tell them, too,
The way by which they all may follow you.

Second Girl.
But mind you never let them draw you back
Along this dangerous and dreary track.

Second Boy.
I do not think we'll wish to see again
A spot so wretched as this dismal plain.
And now most heartily I thank you, too:
I will not say good-bye—only adieu.

(Boys bow and retire, girls dance and sing or recite.)

Oh, we are Temperance fairies!
Little Temperance fairies!
Sent to warn the straying from this dangerous plain;
And it makes our bosoms light,
And it makes our faces bright,
If we only can persuade them to abstain.

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'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Sadie Devlin, Ottawa, sends a missionary poem of her own composition, accompanied by a nice little letter about it. As we have remarked before, however, we cannot print every poem sent in. Writing verses is very good exercise and we are very glad Sadie takes an interest in the heathen, but we hope this interest will not stop at poetry.

Echo Vale, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live near Lake Megantic, and opposite the village, which is about four miles away, but in winter we can cross the lake, and it is then only three miles away. I have one grandma living, and she lives in Scotland. My mother came from there.

ETHEL McL. (aged 8).

Randolph Centre, Vt.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to this paper for a long time, I will write now. I am attending the Normal School at the Centre, which is about two miles from my home. I enjoy my work very much. I am in the junior or 'B' class. There are the preparatory, junior, senior and advanced course. The senior class graduates sometimes come back and take the advanced course work, which is a higher system of studies, and are very hard.

SADIE S. L. (age 15).

Head River Hebert, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Have you room for another visitor? I have never written before, although I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and am taking it this year also.

Several weeks ago I saw a letter from my little cousin, Bessie D., and it encouraged me to write, though I had often spoken about writing before. I think the 'Messenger' a fine paper. Well, I will try and describe the place I live in. It is five miles from a church, but there is a public hall in which we have meetings in the summer, quite near our place. This is a great lumbering district. Mr. Pugsley, owner of the lumbering company near here, has three lumbering camps in the woods. There are four sawmills here, and the lumber is sent to River Hebert, a distance of about five miles, in an elevated sluice, which in the highest place is about thirty feet high. This sluice is very pleasant for children to wade in in summer, as there is nearly always water in it.

The principal buildings around here are two small stores, a cook house, four saw mills, a blacksmith's shop, a public hall and a school-house. One of my brothers and I attend school here, and my two eldest brothers drive to River Hebert to school. Mr. Pugsley, the owner of this lumbering land, does not live here, and my papa is manager for him, and mamma is assistant post-mistress.

There is a telephone between River Hebert and Parrsboro'. There was a box in our house, but papa had it taken to the store. I have five brothers and one sister. My eldest brother is sixteen, and Arthur, the baby, is two years of age.

GRACE B. (age 13).

Elphin.

Dear Editor,—Elphin is a little village situated on the main road between McDonald's Corners and Snow Road Station, on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway. Elphin has six dwelling-houses, two general stores, two carpenters' shops, one blacksmith's shop, one post-office, one cheese factory, one temperance hall, one Sabbath-school, which is held in the old church. It makes a very nice and comfortable school-room. It is a cedar log building, and was built a long time ago. How long I cannot tell. We have a nice new church, and it is a beauty for a country place. We have no minister just now, as our minister received a call from the town of Tweed, Ont., and accepted it. We have had five candidates preaching for a call. Elphin is twenty-five miles from Perth, our county town. We have a daily mail and a telephone line, which helps to make our little village attractive. The country around here is hilly and rough, but travellers say we have the best roads in the county. I get the 'Messenger,' and I just love it, for its instructive stories. Often I wonder where you get them all, or if you have a machine for making them. I would like to come to Montreal, and see, perhaps I may some time.

A BIRD IN THE BUSH.

Kinmount, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I am writing to the 'Northern Messenger,' and I was very glad to see my other letter in print. My birthday is on January 12. The people of this town have just built a new school, which is most beautiful, and it has a furnace in it, which warms up the school in fifteen minutes. I am in the senior third class at school, and our teacher's name is Mr. Roberts, and we all like him very much.

TENA D. (age 13).

Manor, Assa.

Dear Editor,—We live in the village of Manor. It is quite a small place, with four stores, a blacksmith's shop, two machine shops, a jewellery shop and a livery stable. The streets are named Main street, Railroad avenue, and Newcombe street. There is a station-house. The train comes in every other day, and sometimes a special comes in. We are having lovely weather now. Last Christmas season we had a terrible storm; it was nearly a blizzard. I go to school, and I am in the fifth class. There is an average of twenty-five attending our school. Our teacher's name is Miss Henderson.

SARAH M. McM. (age 11).

Cumberland Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen so many nice letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write too. I agree with one girl who said for the boys to write as well as the girls. I think long, interesting letters are nicer than short ones. I am going to tell the correspondents about my trip to Halifax in the exhibition week. My father and I went. I think the public gardens are very pretty. The swans are graceful and the monuments are fine. We went all around Citadel Hill. I enjoyed my trip. My father's father came from Scotland right to the farm we are living on now. I am fond of horses; I love cats also. We have a very large Maltese cat, and a large black colt we think a lot of. His name is Minto. I go to school every day, and am in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Thompson. My best friend is Isabel McDonald. Clara Johnson is the only one I have seen who has written to the 'Messenger,' who is exactly the same age as I am. Would she please write again. Also Gracie McDonald and George J. M.

JENNIE R.

Manitowaning.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. I will tell you what kind of a time I had at Christmas. On Christmas eve we had a Christmas tree. I got a lot of presents, and then Christmas night we went to an entertainment. It was very nice, too. On New Year's night we had a lot of people in, and we had a nice time. I got a little pup for a Christmas present. My uncle was going down a river in Michigan, and he had some dynamite. A thunder storm came up. He landed, and the lightning struck the tree he was under. The shock set the dynamite off, and my uncle was unconscious for some time. When he came to he was covered with sand and dirt, his boat was broken to pieces, and he did not know how to get home. But at last a tug came along and he got on and came home.

LUCY BEATRICE V. (age 11).

Munro, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any correspondence in the 'Messenger' from around here, I thought I would write myself. I live at Munro. We keep a store and post-office there, and just across the road is the school, so you see I have not very far to go. Our teacher for last year was Miss Good, but since New Year's we have had a new teacher. Her name is Miss McNaught. My chum at school is just five days older than I, and her name is Mina and mine is Mona. We are just nine years old. We also live very near to the church. The congregation here are going to build a new Methodist church next summer. The old one is over forty years old, though it is very decent yet. Two hundred loads of stone, over a hundred loads of sand, and a hundred thousand of red brick has been drawn for it. We expect it will be a beautiful church, with a large tower. But as they were loading the last load of sand for the church, the pit caved in, and seriously injured one of our neighbor's boys. We have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a number of years in our Sunday-school. We all like it very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Fanny Heal. I have two sisters older than myself.

MONA E. F.

(An interesting letter.—Ed.)

Centreville, Car. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Centreville, I thought I would write. A friend of mine, Ella S., signed for the 'Messenger' for me last year, and I like it so well that I am going to take it myself this year. Centreville is a village twenty miles from Woodstock. My mother is dead, and I live with my uncle, Mr. A. C. G. My father is a doctor in Millinockett. He was up and spent Christmas with me. I am twelve years old, and weigh 130 lbs. Can any of the subscribers beat that? I go to school every day, and am in the eighth grade. I passed the high school examinations last year. I take music lessons also. I have one brother and one sister, both older than I am. My sister is in Boston, in the Massachusetts General Hospial, and my brother has a first-class license, and is teaching at Plaster Rock, Victoria Co. I have three hens and a jet black cat with a white tip on the end of his tail. His name is Nig. I go to the Methodist church and Sunday-school. Our minister's name is the Rev. E. C. Turner, and we like the family very much. I also belong to the Shining Star Mission Band, and am corresponding secretary. I spent my summer vacation with my aunt in York Co.

MOLLIE K. C.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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Mail Bag.

John T. G. Carr, Hartland, N.B., writing enclosing two dollars for the 'Northern Messenger,' says: 'The 'Messenger' is an old favorite in our home, but was discontinued some years ago for other papers.'

Belmont, Man., Feb. 23, 1903.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find three dollars renewal subscription for our school. We are all much pleased with the 'Messenger' and I have great pleasure in recommending it to other schools as an agency for good and a great help in the temperance cause. Yours truly,

W. KINLEY.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Success to Cake Making.

(Mrs. Sarah Walrath Lyons, in New York 'Observer.')

To be a successful cake maker does not only consist in having the necessary and proper ingredients, but it also consists in the mixing of these ingredients, the careful baking, with the cautious eye to results in everything in connection with it. The materials used in cake making should always be of the best, and all these ingredients should be prepared before commencing to mix them.

The flour should be sifted and thoroughly mixed with the cream of tartar or baking powder used, always remembering to allow to one quart of flour, one level teaspoonful of soda to two slightly rounding ones of cream of tartar. Or if baking powder be preferred, two good rounding teaspoonfuls instead can be used.

In measuring flour by the cup, always bear in mind that a cupful means a level cupful of unsifted flour; by recalling this fact, and that flour differs in thickening qualities, a good result is obtained which would otherwise be impossible. If the cake should rise in the centre and crack open, remaining this way, you may be sure that too much flour has been used.

After the flour is prepared for use, the sugar should be rolled and sifted, the eggs brought fresh from the ice box or cellar, while the butter should be heated until it becomes moderately soft, but under no condition melted, as this would tend to make the cake heavy and soggy. Spices, if used, should be fresh ground, and if the cake calls for fruit it should be prepared the day before in order to evaporate and dry out the moisture absorbed in its washing, and which by giving extra weight to the fruit will naturally tend to make the cake heavy.

If currants are used, they require not only to be stemmed, washed and dried, but carefully examined to make sure of no remaining grit, or earthy substances.

In the mixing of the ingredients of a cake an unfailing rule in practice by most good cooks is first to stir and cream together the butter and sugar used, then add the beaten yolks of the eggs, the milk, and then the beaten whites of the eggs. Lastly the flour which should be added by degrees, stirring slowly and lightly until all the ingredients are perfectly blended.

If the whites of the eggs are well beaten before being added to the other ingredients, the latter, itself, will only require sufficient beating to blend the ingredients well together, and into a harmonious whole. When the eggs are broken into a mixture, without previous beating, considerable beating is necessary in order to not only break up the eggs well, but to render the batter light by means of the air entangled. These air cells, when subjected to heat, expand, causing the dough to puff and swell and in this way assuring lightness, while to assist in this lightness the carbonic-acid gas of baking powders, etc., are called upon to render it doubly sure.

Most bakers rely almost wholly on baking powders for the lightness of their cakes, using large quantities in order to generate this carbonic-acid gas which does away with the necessity for much beating, while it also gives additional bulk, and by this means the batter becomes stretched, as it were, and goes further. Cakes made in this way are, naturally, of coarse grain and texture, usually dry and

tasteless in one day's time, while those that are made and beaten as only the good housewife knows how, are of fine texture and close grained and retain their moisture and the flavor of the end. Use a wooden spoon for beating and beat down, up, and over, lapping in the air at every beat, for it is wise to remember that beating blends, and by so doing harmonious results attend.

The last step of cake making is in the baking, and this is quite as important as any part. Care should be taken that the oven's heat is of as even a temperature as possible, and this can be determined by baking a small portion of the batter on a piece of buttered paper. If this should bake evenly, without burning around its sides, it is safe to put the whole cake in while it is also a good test for the cake itself. If this small cake should bake too solid, owing to the glutinous nature of the flour, more milk can be added. If it should settle in the middle more flour is required.

Gas ovens require fully ten minutes for heating, and with this time the oven becomes of a uniform heat. Place the cake in the centre of the oven so that the two extremes meet, that is, the heat which ascends from the bottom of the oven will meet that which descends from the heated top, and which, meeting in the centre of the cake, will thus cook it evenly and well. To place a cake directly over the heat on the bottom grate insures a tough, leathery, scorched under part, while the whole cake is dry and utterly ruined by the procedure.

If in spite of all precautions the cake should bake too fast, or seem inclined to brown over too rapidly, lay carefully over the top so that it does not touch, a piece of buttered paper. Thick brown paper may also be folded and placed under the tin to prevent the bottom scorching, but it is always safest to line a cake mould with buttered paper before putting in the batter. If the cake contains fruit, several thicknesses are necessary. Suet is the best fat to use in greasing cake pans, as butter, unless the salt is washed out, is apt to scorch quicker, and no matter how trifling the scorch, all of the delicate flavor of the cake goes with it and it is practically a failure.

Many cooks, unthinkingly, place in the oven when a cake is baking, numerous other things to bake, never pausing to think that by so doing, the oven's heat is detracted from its original object, the cake. If the oven's heat should be of too high a temperature, it is safe to do this, that is if the cake is not moved or jarred by the procedure, otherwise the batter will fall while the real cause will never be considered. When the cake has baked what seems a sufficiently long time, test it by running a broom splint through its thickest part. If this comes out clean and smooth the cake is done and will do to take from the oven. Now let it stand until perfectly cold, when it can be returned to the oven for a minute, just long enough to warm the tin through and then by holding the hand under and tapping gently, the cake will readily fall out without a break or division. It can then be iced or frosted, with a surety of success. A quick and easy frosting is the white of one egg, in which is stirred all the pulverized sugar it will hold. Spread this on the cake and smooth if necessary, with a knife dipped in water. One kind of flavor can be used in this if desired, while still another can be used in the batter. After the cake is perfectly cold and iced, place it in a tight cake can or earthen jar and the test, the surest test, will be found in its eating.

Write for Announcement of the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C. A. Fleming, Principal

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FREE Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at 15c. each only 7 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $4.05, and we will forward **both the Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont**

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Beautiful designs in bright, natural colors of Deer, Horses, Dogs, etc., for selling only 1½ doz. large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Everybody buys. Roy Lapp, Rosewood, Man., says: "I sold all the Seeds in 15 minutes." Every Watch guaranteed for 1 year. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 473 Toronto.

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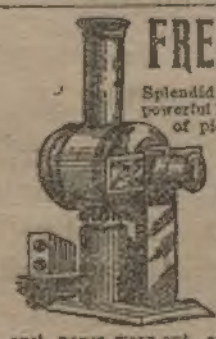

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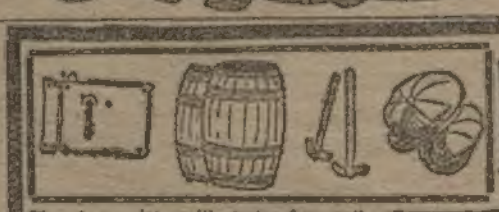
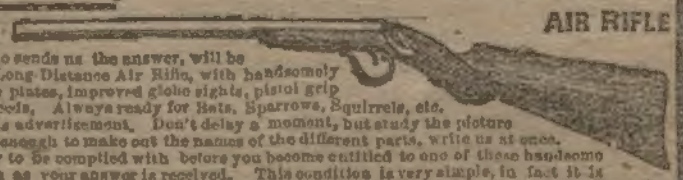
We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Sashes, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Supply Co., Box N., Toronto.

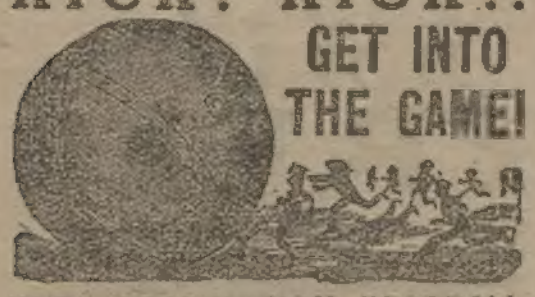


BOYS, ATTENTION!



The above picture illustrates four well-known parts of a gun. To every boy who is able to name the different parts, and who sends us the answer, will be given, absolutely Free, a Bee All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger-guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Just what every boy needs. Always ready for Rats, Sparrows, Squirrels, etc. It does not cost you one cent to answer this advertisement. Don't delay a moment, but study the picture carefully, and if you are clever and smart enough to make out the names of the different parts, write us at once. There is only one other condition necessary to be complied with before you become entitled to one of these handsome Rifles, of which we shall write you as soon as your answer is received. This condition is very simple, in fact it is merely a slight favor which we would like you to do for us. It will not cost you one cent, and will not take up more than a few minutes of your spare time. Write at once. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., Rifle Dept. 499, Toronto.**

KICK! KICK!! GET INTO THE GAME!



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Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling only **10** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **The PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 454, TORONTO.**

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Speers, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty** and **reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in natural colors. Delia Shaw, Wharton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONT.**

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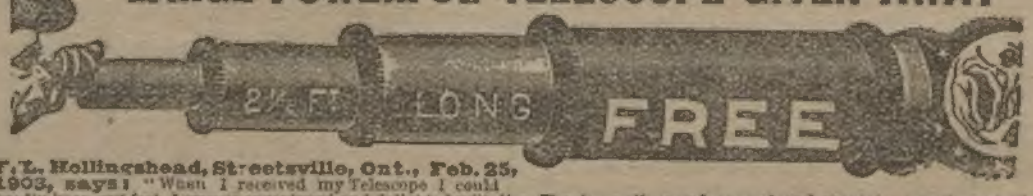
Enough heavy, rich, elegant Silk Squares to make **2 large sofa cushions for only 15c.** All good big pieces, some so large that you will have to cut them up. **How can we do it?** Why, because we picked up a great bargain at a European Silk Mill. They had an immense stock of extra fine samples of their very best silks cut in large pieces for their travellers to take orders with from wholesale houses, and offered us the lot at a price which enabled us to give you this great bargain. We closed the deal and now we are giving our lady friends the benefit. Think of a package of these beautiful, large pieces, **all of the newest patterns, stripes, checks, flowers, rich heavy quality,** enough to make two large cushions, or drapes, tidies, and a hundred other lovely things to beautify your home, for only 15c. In making this kind of fancy work a great point is to have a variety of patterns, is it not? Well, **in the whole of this immense stock there are no two pieces alike. With each package we send free a booklet showing over 100 fancy stitches** for ornamenting the seams, which will add a hundredfold to the beauty of your work. **Don't miss this chance.** We shall never be able to buy pieces like these again, and so will not be able to offer them to you. **Read what ladies say who have bought our Silk Squares:** Corral P.O., Ont., "I was very much pleased with the Silk Remnants. There were more pieces and of better quality than I expected."—Mrs. T. Johnson, Salem P.O., Ont., "I think your Silk Remnants are just lovely. Please send me some more."—Miss Aggie Smellie, Milnestown P.O., "I enclose 25c. for 2 more packages of Silk Remnants. I was very much pleased with both the quality and quantity, as you may judge by my repeating my order."—Mrs. W. E. Saxby, Pembroke, Ont., "I am very much satisfied and delighted with the Silk pieces received. I have found them very useful and beautiful."—Mrs. J. Henteau, Centralia, Ont., "I am sending for 2 more packages of Silk pieces, I think they are very nice and the cheapest bargain I ever got."—Mrs. Wm. Huxtable. We have hundreds more like these. Price, 1 package, 15c.; 2 for 25c. Don't send stamps. Already we have filled 11,781 15c. orders, and 17,622 25c. orders. **The Home Supply Co., Silk Dept. 410, Toronto, Ontario.**

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON LARGE POWERFUL TELESCOPE GIVEN AWAY



F. L. Hollingshead, Streetsville, Ont., Feb. 25, 1903, says: "When I received my Telescope I could hardly keep my feet. I was so enraptured and delighted with it. The boys all crowd around and want to see through it. Once when I was directing the Telescope towards a barn some distance away, the instrument was pointed too low, and brought a cat on a tree into sight. The cat looked to be about the size of a lion, and the tree several feet thick. The sun happened to be shining on the cat's eyes and cast quite a glare upon them, which unnerved me very much until the cat mewed and I knew what it was." **Boys, you can get one too, Free** for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully ornamented in 12 colors with a design of leaves, buds and flowers, and each contain 42 of the choicest, large flowering and exquisitely fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **We give a 50c. certicate free with each package. Our Sweet Peas sell like hot cakes.** E. Calder, Peterboro, Ont., Feb. 16, 1903, says: "I sold the Seeds in 20 minutes and found everyone anxious to buy. They were all delighted with the large packages." You can do as well. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seed postpaid. **Prize Seed Co.,** Box **473** Toronto.

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Fowassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 468 Toronto

WALKING DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to get this big handsome Walking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **Post Card** at once and we will mail you 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** each. Nothing sells like them. **Everybody Buys.** Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. When sold send us $1.50, and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Walking** Doll. Dolly is a perfect beauty, beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She delights and pleases every little girl. Girls, order the seeds at once, sell them to your friends, and receive this big **Walking** Doll for your trouble. Pearl Milliken, Reston, Man., said: "I got my lovely Doll all right. She is a real beauty, just exactly as you described her." **Prize Seed Co. Dept 428 Toronto.**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

For selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys them.** Oft in several places are sold in one hour. Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." P. J. A. Lowes, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable imported works. Leo C. Garin, Metcombe, Ont., said: "My Watch is a dandy and takes the shine wherever it is. I thank you many times for the work, was not enough for such a valuable prize." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 498, TORONTO, ONTARIO**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speers, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **451** Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speers, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, Melhall, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 436, Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

George Clark WILL GIVE YOU THIS RING

Solid Gold finished, set with Rubies and Pearls, **FREE** for selling **4** of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents. **All different.** No trouble to sell these pictures, they are handsome art productions, done in 10 to 17 colors, originals costing 200 to 500 dollars. The first four you meet will gladly take them at 25 cents to help you win the premium. The ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send No Money in advance. Just trust me and I will send the pictures (representing 4 different and beautiful scenes, all charges paid, immediately on receipt of your name. GEO. CLARK, Box Dept. 484, Toronto

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. **408** Toronto.

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

Drop us a Post Card to-day.

Hand ome Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring mak ng the whole design abs olutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most exp nsive time-piece, given for selling only **1½ doz.** large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the packages postpaid. Charles Wickham, Ridgetown, Ont., said: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It keeps splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address Prize Seed Co., Dept **442** Toronto.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 800 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 2 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 434 Toronto**

GIRLS! EVERYTHING YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE . . FREE

I. A Lovely Big Doll, as pretty as a picture, stylishly dressed from top to toe in the richest material, with hat to match underclothing, shoes, stockings, etc., that you can take off and put on as often as you like. II. A complete set of Doll's Furniture, bureau, washstand, bed, lounge, table, chairs and stove. III. Laundry Outfit—tub, washboard, iron and stand. IV. Table Service—cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon, lemonade jug, glass and tray. V. A Baby Doll in a cradle; also a frying pan. Enough furniture and things to start Dolly up in housekeeping. Girls, we give everything shown in this picture absolutely free. A big dressed Doll, 8 pieces of furniture, and 15 other articles, all for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** Everybody buys. Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them." This is the grandest dressed Doll and the most complete outfit ever offered. Girls! you must not miss this chance. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 402 Toronto.**

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold, return 60c., and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 466 TORONTO.**

FREE! ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn, and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only 1½ large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address, **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 494 TORONTO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you **one doz.** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** postpaid. Sell them at **10c.** each, return us **$1.20** and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and jointed body.

Eva Gilley, New Westminster, B.C., said: "I received your pretty Doll and am very much pleased with it. It is a perfect beauty and far exceeded my expectations."

Lizzie Sproute, Newdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had."

Gertie McDonald, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, said: "Thanks very much for my beautiful Doll. I am more than pleased with it."

GIRLS, just stop and think what a truly wonderful bargain we are offering you. **You can get this lovely big Doll completely dressed for selling only ONE DOZEN packages of Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.**

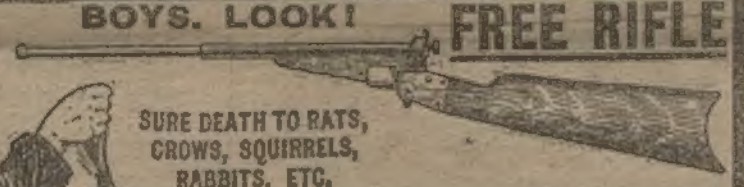
Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them."

Mary Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seed sold. They went like wildfire."

A 50c. certificate **free** with each package. Girls, write us at once and **this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a short time.**

Prize Seed Co., Dept. 470, Toronto

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only 1½ **doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **414,** Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With **15** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold return $1.50 and we will immediately send you this **elegant Fur Scarf,** 3 ft. 6 in. long, 5 in. wide, made of selected full-furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish fur, fully equal in appearance to the most expensive Fur Scarf, and just as warm and comfortable. Ethel Austen, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I cannot express my thanks for the Ruff. It is just beautiful." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. A. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." Address: **The DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 497, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Hoan, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

14k GOLD WATCH Free

For selling at **10c.** each only **2** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys.** P. J. O. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." This beautiful Watch is heavily plated with 14k Gold, elaborately engraved and handsomely ornamented. It has open face, dust proof case, is stem wind and set and has genuine American made works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 435 Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

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